



# Pride's Fall;

O R,

A Warning for all *English* Women, by the Example of a strange Monster lately born in *Germany*, by a Merchant's proud Wife at *Genova*.

*England's* fair dainty Dames,  
See here the Fall of *Pride*,  
That *God* may be your Guide:  
Twas a Dutch-land frow,  
Shining in Beauty bright;  
And a brave Merchant's Wife,  
In whom he took Delight.

All things I had at Will,  
My Heart could with or crave;  
My Diet dainty fare,  
My Garments rich and brave;  
No Wife in *Germany*,  
Where I in Pleasure dwell'd,  
For golden Bravery  
My Person so excell'd:

My Coaches richly wrought,  
And deckt with Pearl and Gold,  
Carried me up and down,  
Whereas my Pleasure would:  
The Earth I deem'd too base  
My Feet to tread upon,  
My blooming Crimson Cheeks

My Beauty made me think  
Myself an Angel bright,  
Framed of heavenly Mould,  
And not an earthly Wight;  
For all my Happiness,  
God's Holy Bible Book,  
I had my Looking-Glass,  
Wherein I Pleasure took.

There was no Fashion found,  
That might advance my Pride,  
But in my Looking-Glass,  
My Fancy soon espy'd:  
Every vain foolish Toy  
Changeth my wanton Mind;  
And they best pleased me  
That could new Fashions find.

All these Earthly Joys  
Made me so full of  
That I durst not  
Nearer a Child to me lend  
That make me heart to be led,  
For which Offence to God  
He hath most grievously  
Scourged me with his Rod.

And in my tender Womb,  
Of so pure Blood,  
Heated her strange to see  
A most deformed Brood;  
That Women of wanton Pride  
Might take Example by,  
How they in Fashions fond,  
Offend the Lord on high.

When the Babe came to light,  
And I brought to my Bed,  
No Cost was spar'd that Night  
To send me in my Bed,  
Nurse young and old,  
For a royal Queen,  
All attendants there  
It was daily seen.

Never had Merchant's Wife  
Of Ladies such a Thing,  
That came in gentle sort,  
At the Hour of my Pining;  
And when my swelling Womb  
Yielded up Nature's due,  
Such a strange Monster  
Surely Man never knew.

For it affrighted to  
All the whole Company,  
That every one said in Heart,  
Vengeance now draweth nigh:  
It had two Faces strange,  
And two Heads painted fair,  
On the Brows curled Locks,  
Such as our wondrous wear.

One Hand held like the Shape  
Of a fair Looking Glass,  
In which I took Delight,  
How my vain Beauty was:  
The other seem'd to have  
Perfectly seen therein;  
Like the Shape of a Rod,  
Scourging me for my Sin.

These Womens wantonness,  
And their vain foolish Minds  
Never contented are  
With what thing God assigns:  
Look to it *London* Dames,  
God keepeth Plagues in store.  
And now the following part  
Of this Song sheweth more.

Grief and Care kills my Heart,  
Where God offered is,  
As the poor Merchant's Wife  
Did worldly Comforts miss:  
Strange were the miseries  
That she so long endur'd;  
No Ease by Womens help  
Could be as they procur'd.

Hereupon I saw the Child  
With  
Mother, you  
brings the  
Let your  
or else the  
Will scourge your  
with a more  
Pride  
Misery  
amend  
God  
Pantonnese  
Red.

About his Neck a Hunting Ruff,  
It had now and then,  
Starched with white and blue,  
Seeming up the Eye:  
With Laces round and broad,  
As now are women's Bands,  
Thus my  
first in God's  
Bands:

The Breast was  
as the  
Now  
hide  
Evil Part  
had  
But to  
the  
the  
the

From the Head to the Foot,  
Monster like was it born,  
Every part had the Shape  
Of a  
On the Feet peaked Shoes,  
Insteps had Ruffs red,  
Which in  
so vainly are we led.

Thus hath my Flesh and Blood,  
Nourish now near my Heart,  
Puts me in mind of Sin,  
And bids me now convert:  
O let all Women then  
Take heed of wanton Pride;  
Angels have fallen from Heaven,  
And for that Sin have dy'd.

No sooner brought to Light  
Was this Fruit of my Youth,  
But to the Council-House  
It was brought for a Truth:  
Where to the Magistrates  
In a most fearful sort,  
Began loud to speak,  
And these Words did repeat:

I am a Messenger  
Now sent from God on high,  
To bid you all repent,  
Christ's  
Repent you all with speed,  
This is a Message sure,  
The World seems at an end,  
And cannot long endure.

Pride is the Prince of Sin,  
Which is our chief delight;  
Mankind repent with speed,  
Before the Lord doth smite:  
This is my last advice,  
Repentance soon provide.  
These were the latest Words  
And to the Monster dy'd.

Great was the fear of those  
That these same Speeches heard,  
God grant all Christians  
Have their Mind well  
With true Repentance  
God's Mercy to  
That never Woman-kind  
May bring forth such Fruit.

And you fair *English* Dames,  
That in Pride do excel,  
This woful Misery  
In your Hearts print fall ye,  
Let not Pride be your Guide,  
For Pride will have a End;  
Maid and Wife, let my Life  
Be a Warning to you all.

F I N I S

Printed and Sold by the  
Heart and Crown in  
Mid. Broom.